

GOOD CHRISTIANITY.

A Discourse By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage on Creeds.

Too Many Persons Bound By Narrowly Interpreted Creeds—Faith in Christ the Great Criterion—Broader Views Needed.

In a late sermon Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached on the "Revision of Creeds," and he took for his text John xi. 44: "Loose him and let him go." He said:

By Bible is, at the place of this text, written all over with lead pencil marks made last December at Bethany on the ruins of the temple of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. We dismounted from our horses on the way up from Jordan to the Dead Sea. Bethany was the summer evening retreat of Jesus. After spending the day in the hot city of Jerusalem He would come out there almost every evening to the house of His three friends. I think the occupants of that house were orphans, for the father and mother are not mentioned. But the son and two daughters must have inherited property, for it must have been, judging from what I saw of the foundations and the size of the rooms, an opulent home. Lazarus, the brother, was now the head of the household, and his sisters depended on him and were proud of him, for he was very popular and every body liked him, and these girls were splendid girls. Martha a first rate housekeeper and Mary a spiritual, somewhat dreamy, but affectionate, and as good a girl as could be found in all Palestine. But one day Lazarus got sick. The sisters were in consternation. Father gone and mother gone, they feel very nervous lest they lose their brother also. Disease did its quick work. How the girls hung over his pillow! Not much sleep about that house, no sleep at all.

From the characteristics elsewhere developed I judge that Martha prepared the medicine and made tempting dishes of food for the poor appetite of the sufferer, but Mary prayed and sobbed. "Worse and worse gets Lazarus," until the doctor announces that he can do no more. The shriek that went up from that household when the last breath had been drawn and the two sisters were being led by sympathizers into an adjoining room, all those of us can imagine who have had our own hearts broken. But why not Jesus there too? He so often had been? Far away in the country districts preaching, healing other sick, how unfortunate that this omnipotent doctor had not been at that domestic crisis in Bethany. When at last Jesus arrived in Bethany Lazarus had been buried four days and dissolution had taken place. In that climate the breathless body disintegrates more rapidly than in ours. It immediately after death, that body has been awakened into life, unbelievers might have said that he was only in a comatose state, or in a sort of trance, and by some vigorous manipulation or powerful stimulant vitality had been renewed. No! Four days dead.

At the door of the sepulcher is a crowd of people, but the three most memorable are Jesus, who was the family friend, and the two bereft sisters. We went into the traditional tomb in December, and it is deep down and dark, and with torches we explored it. We found it all quiet that afternoon of our visit, but the day spoken of in the Bible there was present an excited multitude. I wonder what Jesus will do. He orders the doors of the grave removed, and then He begins to descend the steps, Mary and Martha close after Him, and the crowd follows them. Deeper and deeper into the shadows and deeper! The hot tears of Jesus roll over His cheeks and splash upon the back of His hands. Were ever so many sorrows compressed into so small a space as in that group pressing on down after Christ, all the time bemoaning that He had not come before.

Now all the whispering and all the crying and all the sounds of shuffling feet are stopped. It is the silence of expectancy. Deep and deep the conqueror, but now the vanquisher of death, confronted the scene. Amid the awful hush of the tomb the familiar name which Christ had often had upon his lips in the hospitalities of the village home came back to his tongue, and with a pathos and almightiness, of which the resurrection of the last day shall be only an echo, he cries: "Lazarus, come forth!" The eyes of the slumberer are opened, and he rises and comes to the foot of the steps and with great difficulty begins to ascend, for the cerements of the tomb are yet on him and his feet and hands are fast and the impediments to all his movements are so great that Jesus commands: "Take off these cerements; remove these hindrances; unfasten these grave clothes; loose him and let him go!"

The unfortunate thing now is that so many Christians are only half liberated. They have been raised from the shadows and burial of sin into spiritual life, but they yet have the grave clothes on them. They are like Lazarus, hobbling up the stairs of the tombs, bound hand and foot, and the object of this sermon is to help free their soul, and I shall try to obey the Master's command that comes to me and comes to every minister of religion, "Loose him, and let him go."

First, many are bound hand and foot by religious creeds, and no man misinterprets me as antagonizing creeds. I have eight or ten of them; a creed about religion, a creed about art, a creed about social life, a creed about government and so on. A creed is something that a man believes, whether it be written or unwritten. The Presbyterian Church is now agitating about its creed. Some good men in it are for keeping it because it was framed from the belief of John Calvin. Other good men in it want revision. I am with neither party. Instead of revision I want substitution. I was sorry to have the question disturbed at all. The creed did not hinder us from offering the pardon and the comfort of the Gospel to all men, and the Westminster confession has not interfered with me one minute. But now that the electric lights have been turned on the imperfections of the creed—and every thing that man fashions is imperfect—let us put the old creed respectfully aside and get a brand new one. It is impossible that people who lived hundreds of years ago should fashion an appropriate creed for our times. John Calvin was a great and good man, but he died 336 years ago. The best centuries of Bible study have come since then and explorers have raised from the world's back and stick to what Robert Fulton knew about steamboats and reject the subsequent improvement in navigation; and go back to John Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, and reject all modern newspaper presses, and no

back to the time when telegraphy was the elevating of signals or the burning of bonfires on the hillsides and reject the magnetic wire, which is the tongue of nations, as to ignore the exegeses and the philologists and the theologians of the last 326 years and put your own head under the sleeve of the gown of a sixteenth century doctor. I could call the names of twenty living Presbyterian ministers of religion who could make a better creed than John Calvin. The nineteenth century ought not to be called to sit at the feet of the sixteenth.

"But," you say, "it is the same old Bible, and John Calvin had that as well as the present student of Scriptures." Yes; so it is the same old sun in the heavens, but in our time it has gone to making daguerotypes and photographs. It is the same old water, but in our century it has gone to running steam engines. It is the same old electricity, but in our time it has become a lightning-footed errand boy. So it is the old Bible, but with new applications, new uses, new interpretations. You must remember that during the last 2000 years words have changed their meaning and some of them now mean more and some less. I do not think that John Calvin believed, as some say he did, in the damnation of infants, although some of the recent hot disputes would seem to imply that there is such a thing as the damnation of infants.

A man who believes in the damnation of infants himself deserves to lose Heaven. I do not think any good man could admit such a possibility. What Christ will do with all the babies in the next world I conclude from what He did with the babies in Palestine when He hugged and kissed them. When some of you grown people go out of this world your doubtful destiny will be an embarrasment to ministers officiating at your obsequies who will have to be cautious so as not to hurt surviving friends. But when the darling children go there are no "ifs" or "buts" or "guesses."

The defect in some of the creeds is that they try to tell us all about the decrees of God. Now the only human being that was ever competent to handle that subject was Paul and he would not have the creeds of his time. He was inspired. I believe in the sovereignty of God and I believe in man's free agency, but no one can harmonize the two. It is not necessary that he harmonize them. Every sermon that I have ever heard that attempted such harmonization was to me as clear as a London fog, as clear as mud. My brother of the nineteenth century, my brother of the sixteenth century, give us Paul's statement and leave out your own. Better one chapter of Paul on that subject than all of Calvin's institutes, able and honest and mighty as they are. Do not try to measure either the throne of God or the thunderbolts of God with your little steel pen. What do you know about the decrees? You can not pry open the door of God's eternal counsel. You can not explain the mysteries of God's government now, much less the mysteries of His government 500,000,000,000,000,000,000 years ago. I move for a creed for all our denominations made out of Scripture quotations pure and simple.

A man who heartily accepts Christ as Christian and the man who does not accept him is not and that is all there is of it. He need not believe in election or reprobation. He need not believe in the eternal generation of the Son. He need not believe in everlasting punishment. He need not believe in infant baptism. He need not believe in plenary inspiration. Faith in Christ is the criterion, is the pivot, is the indispensable. But there are those who would add to the tests rather than subtract from them. There are thousands who would not accept persons into church membership if they drink wine or if they smoke cigars or if they attend the theater or if they play cards or if they drive a fast horse. Now, I do not drink wine or smoke or attend the theater, nor do I play a game of cards or do not drive a fast horse, although I would if I owned one. But do not substitute tests which the Bible does not establish. There is one passage of Scripture wide enough to let all in who ought to enter and to keep out all who ought to be kept out: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Again, there are Christians who are so miserably afraid of shadows and hounded and hopped by doubts and fears and sins long ago repented of. What they need is to understand the liberty of the sons of God. They spend more time under the shadow of Sinai than at the base of Calvary. They have been singing the only poor hymn that Newton ever wrote:

Thou point I long to know,
Thou point I long to know,
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I his or am I not?

Long to know, why? Why do you not find out? Go to work for God, and you will very soon find out. The man who is all the time feeling of his pulse and looking at his tongue to see whether it is moist, is morbid and can not be physically well. The doctor will say: "Go out into the fresh air and into active life and stop thinking of yourself and you will get well and strong." So there are people who are watching their spiritual symptoms, and they call it self-examination and they get weaker and sicker in their faith all the time. Go out and do something nobly Christian. Take a census of your tongue, and examine yourself, and instead of Newton's sad, urbane and bilious hymn that I first quoted, you will sing Newton's other hymn:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

What many of you Christians most need is to get your grave clothes off. I rejoice that you have been brought from the death of sin to the life of the Gospel, but you need to get your hand loose and your feet loose and your tongue loose. Your soul looses. There is no sin that the Bible so arraigns and punishes and flagellates as the sin of unbelief, and that is what is the matter with you.

Christ is used to climbing. He climbed to the top of the Temple. He climbed to the top of Mount Olivet. He climbed to the top of the cliffs about Nazareth. He climbed to the top of Golgotha. And to the top of the hills and the mountains of your transgression He is ready to climb with pardon for every one of you. The groan of Calvary is mightier than the thunder of Sinai. Full receipt is offered for all your iniquities. If one throw a stone at midnight into a bush where the hedge bird roosts it immediately begins to sing; and into the midnight hedges of your despondency these words I hurl, hoping to awaken you to a new dawn. Drop the tunes of the minor key and take the major. Do you think it pleases the Lord for you to be carrying around with you the debris and carcasses of old transgressions? You make me think of some ship that

has had a tempestuous time at sea, and now that it proposes another voyage, keeps on its davits the damaged lifeboats, and the splinters of a shattered mast, and the broken glass of a smashed skylight. My advice is: Clear the decks, overhaul with the damaged rigging, brighten up the salted smokestack, open a new log book, haul in the planks, lay out a new course and set sail for Heaven. You have had spiritual dumps long enough. You will please the Lord by being happy than by being miserable.

Again, my text has good advice concerning any Christian hampered and bothered and bound by fear of his own dissolution. To such the Book refers when it speaks of those who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. The most of us, even if we have the Christian hope, are cowards about death. If a plank fall from the deck, or the mast be shaken, or how pale we look. If the Atlantic ocean plays with the steamship, pitching it toward the heavens and letting it suddenly drop how even the Christian passengers pester the steward or stewardess as to whether there is any danger and the captain, who has been all night on the bridge and chilled through, coming in for a cup of coffee, is assailed with a whole battery of questions as to what he thinks of the weather. And many of the best people are, as Paul says, throughout their lifetime in bondage by fear of death.

One of the first realizations in getting out of this world, I think, will be that in this world we were very much pent up and had cramped apartments and were kept on the limits.

Take the gladdest, brightest, most jubilant days you ever had in this world and compress all into one hour, and that hour would be a requiem, a fast day, a gloom, a horror, as compared with the poorest hour they have had in Heaven since their first tower was built or their first gates swung or their first song carried.

"O," you say, "that may be true, but I am afraid of crossing over from this world to the next, and I fear the snappings of the coil between soul and body." Well, all the surgeons and physicians and scientists declare that there is no pang at the parting of the body and the soul, and all the seeming restlessness at the closing hour of life is involuntary and no distress at all. And I agree with the doctors, for what they say is confirmed by the fact that persons who were drowned or were submerged until all consciousness departed and were afterwards resuscitated declare that the sensation of passing into unconsciousness was pleasurable rather than distressful. The cage of the body has a door on easy hinges, and when that door of the physical cage opens the soul simply puts its wings and soars. "But," you say, "I fear to go because the future is so full of mystery." Well, I will tell you how to treat the mysteries. The mysteries have ceased bothering me, for I do as the judge of your courts often do. They hear all the arguments in the case and then say: "I will take those papers and give you my decision next week." So I have heard all arguments in regard to the next world, and some things are uncertain and full of mystery, and so I fold up the papers and reserve until the next world my decision about them. I can there study all the mysteries, better advantage, for the light will be better and my faculties stronger, and I will ask the Christian philosophers who have had all the advantages of Heaven for centuries, to help me, and I may be permitted myself humbly to ask the Lord, and I think there will be only one mystery left, and that will be how one so unworthy as myself got into such an enraptured place. Come up out of the sepulchral shadows. If you are not Christians by faith in Christ, then you are not light; and if you are already like Lazarus, re-animated, but still have your grave clothes on, get rid of them. The command is: "Loose him and let him go."

The only part of my recent journey that I really dreaded, although I did not say much about it beforehand, was the landing at Joppa. That is the port of entrance for the Holy Land, and there are many rocks, and in rough weather people can not land at all. The boats taking the people from the steamer to the docks must run between reefs that looked to me to be about fifty feet apart, and one mis-stroke of an oarsman on an unexpected wave has sometimes been fatal, and hundreds have perished along those reefs. Besides that, as we left Port Said the evening before an old traveler said: "The wind is just right to give you a rough landing at Joppa; indeed, I think you will not be able to land at all." The fact was that the Egyptian terranese steamer dropped anchor near Joppa and we put out for shore in the small boat, the water was as still as though it had been sound asleep a hundred years, and we landed as easily as I came on this platform. Well, your fears have pictured for you an appalling arrival at the end of your voyage of life, and they say that the seas will run high and that the breakers will swallow you up, or that if you reach Canaan at all it will be a very rough landing. The very opposite is true. The sea will be calm, the harbor will be safe, and your disembarkation for the promised land will be as smooth as was ours at Palestine last December. Christ will meet you at sea and pilot you into complete safety, and you will land with a hosanna on one side of you and a hallelujah on the other.

Land ahead? 'Tis fruits are waving
O'er the hills of fade 'tis green,
And the living waters 'ring
Shores where heaven's fountains are seen.

Rocks and storms 'I'll fear; no more,
When on that eternal shore;
Drop the anchor! For the sea is calm,
I am safe within the wall!

Opals of Great Beauty.
The absurd superstition held by so many that the opal brings ill-luck to its owner, as if there were a compelling power or genius residing in stones, would not seem to be shared by those who rate the two opals belonging to the French crown jewels at fifteen thousand dollars, or the famous one sent from Hungary to the first World's Exhibition at twenty thousand dollars, or by those who protect the delicate and friable opals of very brilliant specimens by a thin lamina of quartz. The Hungarian merchants who take the pains to export the opal to the East by means of Greek and Turkish agents, from whence they return to European markets as Oriental gems, are hardly intimidated by the existence of this superstition; nor could Humboldt, greatly have regarded it when he examined the world's first specimens of the superb stone, known as the Mexican fire-opal, so precious to be owned, with its red and flame-colored splendors, by many with less than imperial purses.—Harper's Bazar.

THE EIFFEL TOWER.

Meteorologists Declare It to Be More Useful Than It Seemed.

French meteorologists have lately made the agreeable discovery that M. Eiffel's tower will be of far more value for scientific experiments than was originally imagined. It is, of course, unnecessary to remark that many observations from this country are situated at a much greater height above the level of the sea, but this is not the point. The altitude of the structure itself renders it far more independent of the surrounding influence than the average observatory, and actually places it in the same category as those erected on mountains like the Pic du Midi. This has already been ascertained from observations made with a view to recording the velocity of the wind blowing from the summit of the tower. It is greatest at the very hours when the breeze is strongest on the highlands. Thus, at places situated no great height above the sea level the velocity of the wind is usually noticeable from noon to two p. m., while it is less perceptible at day-break. On elevated ground, on the other hand, the wind falls in the middle of the day, increasing after sunset.

This last phenomenon has been repeatedly remarked on the iron pile, though—as I may add from personal observation—what wind there may be almost invariably moderates in Paris on the approach of night. This is particularly noticeable in summer, when there is almost always a dead sultry calm at sunset. Curious to relate, the temperature on the top of the Eiffel tower is also more even than is the case on terra firma. Thus, while the average difference in Paris in the twenty-four hours amounts to ten degrees Centigrade, on the summit of the huge monument there is only a change of five degrees Centigrade, precisely the same as that recorded at the Pic du Midi. In summer the thermometer on the tower stands lower and in winter higher than it does on the ground below. It is a noteworthy fact that while some time ago a severe frost prevailed here, a strong, warm breeze from the south, and that for upward of three days this pleasant temperature was enjoyed on the summit of the tower before Parisians had the benefit of it. In short those meteorologists who have had rare opportunities of testing the resources of M. Eiffel's structure are eloquent in its praise, declaring that it is simply unique as an observatory.—London Telegraph.

His Career Settled.
The difficult and dangerous operation was over. The eminent surgeon turned to the father and said:

"Your boy has lost nearly half of his brain, but he will live."
"That fixes his future career," said the father with a heavy sigh. "I shall have to bring him up as a society man."
—Chicago Tribune.

My stomach and digestive organs were in a chronic state of disorder and my liver and bowels so torpid at times that I had to take the most drastic cathartics, which would always leave me in a delicate condition. I suffered from general debility and my whole system became deranged. Sick headaches and violent stomachs were common, and as frequent skin eruptions, and no woman suffered from the weakness of our sex as I did. I was under treatment of several physicians and also used a much advertised sarsaparilla without the least apparent relief, but instead my condition grew worse. I reluctantly consented to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had finished the first bottle I began to improve. I have only taken five boxes, and my appetite is splendid, my bowels regular, and my digestion as good as it ever was. My headaches and other troubles have ceased and I am better than I have been for ten years.—Ann. L. Cooke, Mt. Vernon, Ind.

When the boasted liberty of the press is so much abused in the language of grammatical errors without being hailed over the coals for it.—Binghamton Leader.

THE THROAT.—"Brother's Bronchial Trochee" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.

The average waiter holds a tray, but the boarder generally finds him playing the deuce.—Binghamton Leader.

Those who wish to practice economy should buy Carter's Little Liver Pills. Forty pills in a vial; only one pill a dose.

It is a very strong-minded man who can have a bad cold and not have the influenza.—Syracuse Herald.

CHEEK Colds and Bronchitis with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, March 10.	
CATTLE—Shipping steers.....	3 25 @ 4 50
Butcher steers.....	3 00 @ 3 50
Native cows.....	1 50 @ 2 40
HOGS—Good to choice.....	50 @ 55
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	60 @ 64 1/2
Do No. 3 hard.....	54 @ 54 1/2
CORN—No. 2.....	21 @ 21 1/2
OATS—No. 2.....	15 @ 15 1/2
RYE—No. 2.....	45 @ 45 1/2
WHEAT—Patents, per sack.....	1 15 @ 2 00
Do No. 3.....	1 10 @ 1 50
HAY—Baled.....	4 00 @ 7 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery.....	15 @ 22
CHEESE—Full cream.....	8 @ 12
EGGS—Choice.....	20 @ 20 1/2
BACON—Hams.....	10 @ 10 1/2
Shoulders.....	5 @ 6 1/2
Sides.....	7 @ 8
LARD.....	6 1/2 @ 6 3/4
POTATOES.....	80 @ 40
ST. LOUIS.	
CATTLE—Shipping steers.....	3 40 @ 4 90
HOGS—Packing and shipping.....	50 @ 50
WHEAT—No. 2.....	50 @ 50
Do No. 3.....	45 @ 45
CORN—No. 2.....	20 @ 20 1/2
OATS—No. 2.....	15 @ 15 1/2
RYE—No. 2.....	40 @ 40 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery.....	15 @ 20
PORK.....	10 12 1/2 @ 10 25
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Shipping steers.....	3 50 @ 4 50
HOGS—Packing and shipping.....	40 @ 50
SHEEP—Fair to choice.....	4 00 @ 5 00
WHEAT—No. 2.....	77 1/2 @ 77 1/2
Do No. 3.....	26 @ 26 1/2
CORN—No. 2.....	25 1/2 @ 25 1/2
RYE—No. 2.....	42 @ 42 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery.....	15 @ 20
PORK.....	9 50 @ 9 50
NEW YORK.	
CATTLE—Common to prime.....	3 50 @ 4 50
HOGS—Good to choice.....	45 @ 45
WHEAT—No. 2.....	61 1/2 @ 61 1/2
Do No. 3.....	55 @ 55
CORN—No. 2.....	25 @ 25 1/2
OATS—Western mixed.....	27 1/2 @ 27 1/2
RYE—No. 2.....	40 @ 40 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery.....	15 @ 20
PORK.....	10 12 1/2 @ 10 25

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.'S
NEW BOOK OF ROSES
FLOWERS! BULBS and SEEDS.
FREE! Write for it.
CROSBY'S ASTHMA CURE!
Gives immediate relief in all cases. Pleasant to use. No other has failed. One trial will convince you. Price 50c, and \$1 by mail, or at drug stores. Trial package free by mail. CROSBY'S ASTHMA CURE, St. Louis, Mo.
W. A. KA-ROO-SHA!
THE GREAT KA-ROO-SHA PILLS
and positive antidote and CURE for the evil effects from CHINESE DRUGS, SMOKE TOBACCO, and all other poisons. Price, per package, 50c. Good for Coughs, Asthma, etc. Price, per package, 50c. For \$1 by mail. Package sent by express. Address: W. A. KA-ROO-SHA, 100 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.
\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made by selling KA-ROO-SHA PILLS. Persons who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1000 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.
AWAKENING, TENTS, COVERS.
C. J. BAKER'S, Fourth and Delaware Streets, Kansas City, Mo. Send for Illustrated Price List.
TREES
Root Grafts—Everything! No larger stock in U. S. No better. No cheaper. F. K. CO. NURSERY, Louisiana, Mo.
REPAIRS THIS PAPER every day you wish.

JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
REMEDY FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Lumbago, Headache, Toothache,
NEURALGIA,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Frost-bites,
SCIATICA,
Sprains, Burns, Scalds,
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

The Women! God Bless Them!

What would the world be without women? Our mothers, our sisters and our wives—what would there be without them in life worth living? And yet whom do we neglect so cruelly? Our horses and our cattle are carefully sheltered and fed, and their first symptoms of ailing given quick attention. But our best friends among the gentler sex grow thin and pale before our very eyes, and because they do not complain we fail to notice it. Oh! let the mist fall from our eyes and let us realize how weak and fragile is woman, and how zealous we should be in their behalf when it comes to a question of health. Let us remember that for thin, pale, sick-looking women Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla is just the need. It will make their cheeks rosy and they will grow in strength and flesh.—Gainesville Advocate.

We often hear of a man being carried away by his ideas: this must be when he gets into a train of thought.—Philadelphia Press.

A MAN who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know what sugar; read what he says:

Messrs. F. J. CHENEY & Co.—Gentlemen: I have been in the general practice of medicine for most of my years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours truly,
L. GOSSETT, M. D.,
Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The nervous timidity of brides and grooms can be easily explained, since it is natural for contracting parties to have a shrinking manner.—Baltimore American.

"Fair Play"
is all that is asked for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, when taken for catarrh of the bladder, or for gonorrhea, or throat affections, or lung scrofula (commonly known as consumption of the lungs) and if taken in time, and given with confidence, it will cure or the money paid for it will be refunded. It is the only guaranteed cure.

CLEANSE the liver, stomach, bowels, and whole system by using Dr. Pierce's Pills.

THERE are plenty of barks upon the sea, but they have nothing to do with the ocean grayhounds.—Boston Globe.

Attention of those suffering with Dropsy is called to Dr. H. H. Green & Son's fair offer to furnish free a ten days' trial treatment to every sufferer. These physicians have made hundreds of almost miraculous cures in various parts of this country, and to-day stand as the only successful Dropsy specialists in the world. See their ad. in this paper.

When a dramatist says that his play has been produced "with varying success," you may conclude that it has been unvaryingly unsuccessful.—Texas Siftings.

SUMTER, SOUTH CAROLINA, June 2d, 1887.
DR. A. T. SHALLENBARGER.
Rochester, N. Y. Dear Sir:—I have been using your Antidote for Malaria in my family for several years. For more than a year I had chills, and was so low down that I had not strength to walk. Mr. W. Hunsley begged me to try the Antidote, and it cured me at once. I am now a strong, healthy man. We use other medicine in the family, as we find it the quickest, safest, and also the cheapest.
Yours very truly,
SAMUEL CLARK.

MANNERS make the man—which explains why some men are only half done. The force was too small for the job.—Flick.

The "Mother's Friend"
Not only shortens labor and lessens pain attending it, but greatly diminishes the danger to life of both mother and child. It is used a few months before confinement. Write to The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

A MARRIED couple may be one but that one can not travel without two railroad tickets.—Rome Sentinel.

We moved here recently and the druggist said he didn't have any Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers, but when I said I wouldn't have any other, he said he would get some in a few days, and so he did. I know what Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers will do, and will not give my children any other.—Mrs. J. D. Blair, Burton, Cal.

WHAT nonsense it is to say a man is "inclined to be bald." When a man is becoming bald it is quite against his inclination.—Boston Transcript.

NO SOAP has ever been limited as much as Dobbins' Electric Soap. The market is full of imitations. Beware of cheap imitations. "J. B. Dobbins, Philadelphia and New York," is stamped on every bar.

DIME museums that advertise for migrants are in many small business.—Texas Siftings.

HARSH purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

When a Prohibitionist goes out to paint the town he does it in water colors.—Binghamton Republican.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

The position of Minister to Greece is looked upon as a fat office.—Yonkers Statesman.

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

March April May

Are the best months in which to purify your blood. During the long, cold winter, the blood becomes thick and impure, the body becomes weak and tired, the appetite may be lost, and just now the system craves the aid of a reliable medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted to purify and enrich the blood, to create a good appetite and to overcome that tired feeling. It increases in popularity every year, for it is the ideal spring medicine.

My husband was very sick and suffering and seeing an advertisement of Hood's Sarsaparilla I thought I would try it. It has worked wonders for me as it has for my system. I have taken four bottles and am on the fifth. I recommend it to my acquaintances. JOHN MATTHEWS, Oswego, N. Y.
N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. At six for \$1. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.'S
NEW BOOK OF ROSES
FLOWERS! BULBS and SEEDS.
FREE! Write for it.
CROSBY'S ASTHMA CURE!
Gives immediate relief in all cases. Pleasant to use. No other has failed. One trial will convince you. Price 50c, and \$1 by mail, or at drug stores. Trial package free by mail. CROSBY'S ASTHMA CURE, St. Louis, Mo.
W. A. KA-ROO-SHA!
THE GREAT KA-ROO-SHA PILLS
and positive antidote and CURE for the evil effects from CHINESE DRUGS, SMOKE TOBACCO, and all other poisons. Price, per package, 50c. Good for Coughs, Asthma, etc. Price, per package, 50c. For \$1 by mail. Package sent by express. Address: W. A. KA-ROO-SHA, 100 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.
\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made by selling KA-ROO-SHA PILLS. Persons who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1000 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.
AWAKENING, TENTS, COVERS.
C. J. BAKER'S, Fourth and Delaware Streets, Kansas City, Mo. Send for Illustrated Price List.
TREES
Root Grafts—Everything! No larger stock in U. S. No better. No cheaper. F. K. CO. NURSERY, Louisiana, Mo.
REPAIRS THIS PAPER every day you wish.